The NEW PLAYS

Mr. Sothern Lets Richelieu Slip Through His Fingers.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

MR. E. H. SOTHERN'S production of "Richelieu" at Daly's Theatre last night roused some wonder, but little enthusiasm. As was the case with Mr. Mantell in "King John," artistic ambition was scarcely crowned with personal success, for while the effort was laudable (if we may take this good old word out for an airing) the result certainly did not add to the glory of Mr. Sothern's honorable career.

Richelieu does not belong in the category of "Sothern roles"—and this is not meant to disparage those roles. But those "big" speeches, those heroic apostrophes to France, the Church, and all the virtues that we still find in the copy-books—the highly-colored atmosphere always of the stage and never of things as they are—don't match well with Mr. Sothern's carefully elaborated though none too virile art. "Richelieu," like all of Bulwer Lytton's plays, is stagey and pompous to the last degree. Mr. Sothern is never pompous, though sometimes stagey, and he is always sincere. Perhaps that is why he failed to work out into consistent, convincing form this "ghost of a great man."

Sothern as Richelieu.

Though not quite a ghost, he took off as much flesh as his "make-up" box would permit. The frail Cardinal whose iron will was so much stronger than his body wore a face that had seen fuller days. It reminded one of the face that Mr. Sothern wore as Don Quixote, except that the eyes, while all-observing, were half-closed at times, never wide open as was the case with the Spanish Knight who went stark, staring mad with imaginative adventures. But the hands were wrong—plump and white and conspicuously young.

And this wasn't the worst of it all. Mr. Sothern let Richelieu slip through his fingers. He forgot to grow old between speeches—or rather he renewed his youth with every speech. He seemed to be playing for "points." His voice came up like a storm with more thunder than reason. It rattled in honor of "traditions." He cried, "There is no such word as FAIL!" with the biggest capital letters he could find in his lungs. Every time the word "fail" was uttered up it went in "leaps." When he shouted "Bloodhounds, I laugh at ye!" you felt like helping yourself to a smile. And "the curse of Rome" was just a good, healthy curse that didn't scare you a little bit.

A little saliver now and then is relished by the best of men. But Mr. Sothern failed to send it along. The terror and awe that Richelieu is supposed to inspire seemed to get lost on the way, just as Mr. Sothern seemed to lose his conception of the part one moment and pick it up the next. And this did not produce an effect of variety, but rather of monotony. You grew tired of seeing the Cardinal first one thing and then another. Of course, much of this was the fault of the ancient piece of theatrical fustian, but that Mr. Sothern failed to hold the character, that he dropped the man of one speech completely out of another, was his own fault.

The coolness and courage of the man in danger, the vanity of the versifier, the pride and authority of the Cardinal and the cunning and vengeance of the statesman were all suggested with real skill, and Mr. Sothern looked much more effective in the last two acts than in the earlier part of the play by getting under the red robe. In the black costume he looked neat, but not gaudy. His last act was the best. Here he triumphed over his enemies without trying to knock them down with his voice. It was a good piece of work done at a good time, for it sent you out of the theatre with a good opinion of his talent and his intelligence.

Gladys Hanson as Julie de Mortemar.

Mr. Frederick Lewis looked absurd as Adrian de Mauprat, but talked very well when a good, mouth-filling speech came along. Miss Gladys Hanson, as Julie de Mortemar, was handsome enough to warrant the interest that various gentlemen took in her, and she read her lines both intelligently and musically. There was tenderness, too, in her scenes with the Cardinal, though she grew a bit melodramatic in her account of how she "threw down" the King.

Mr. Sydney Mather played Louis well enough, but his legs left room for argument. Mr. Eric Blind, as the bad Baradas, couldn't have been worse. Mr. Rowland Buckstone "clowned" the small part of De Beringhen in his usual fashion, but his jolly laugh was good to hear again. Miss Virginia Hammond acted the devoted spy with much hair and more jewels—in short, played her for all she was worth.

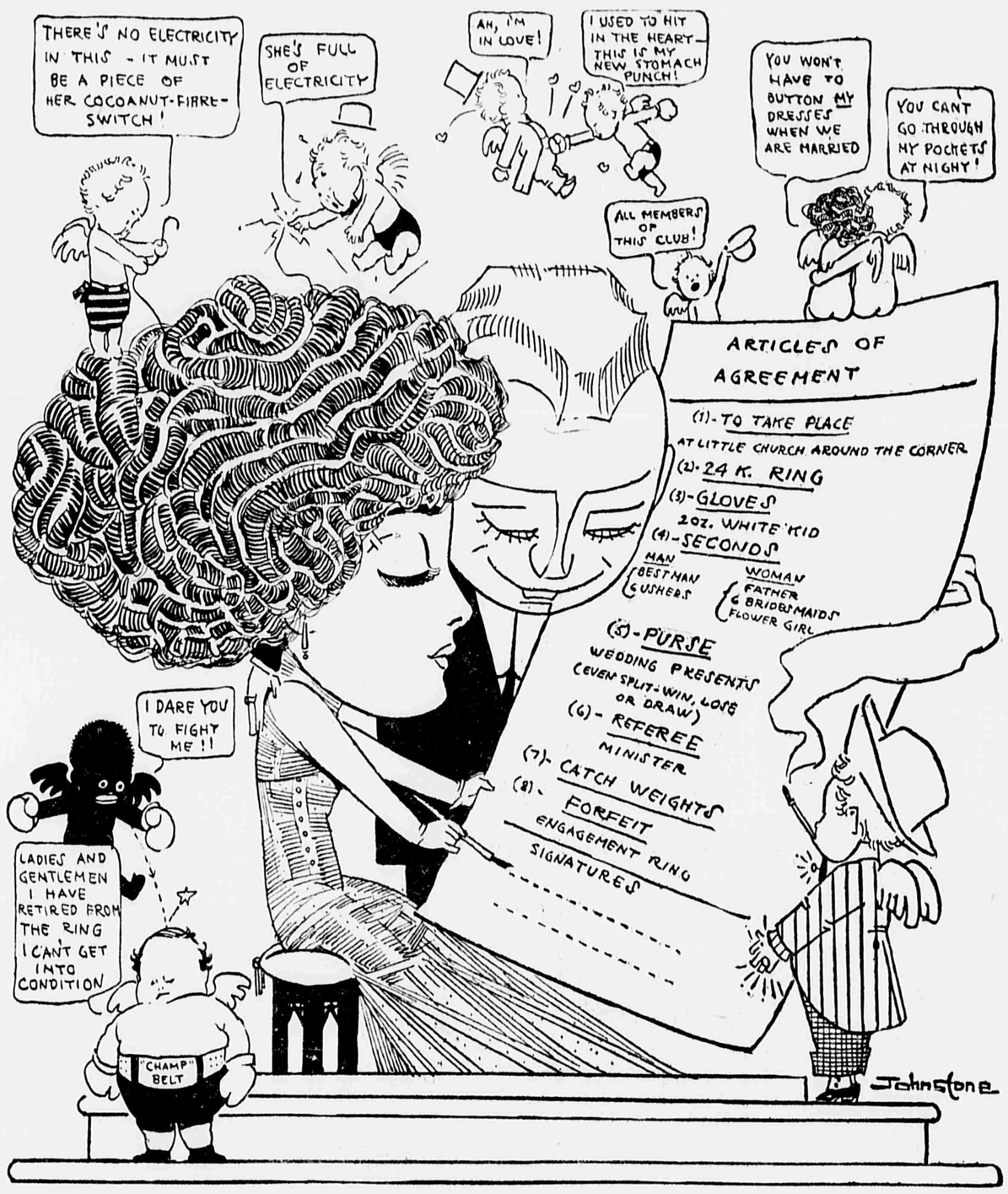
Mr. Sothern gave the familiar speeches for a bit more than they were worth, sometimes with the emphasis on the wrong word. But after all "Richelieu" is an extravagant play!

Some Tears With Your Tea.

The wages of the coolies who raise tea in Ceylon vary from 8.33 to 11.66 cents a day. They are, however, housed free, and get rice at cost price.

Mr. Cupid--Matchmaker

By Will B. Johnstone



IF YOU PROPERLY MATCH A YOUNG MAID AND A MAN,
YOU'LL NEED NO REMARKABLE VISION
TO PERCEIVE THAT THEIR "BATTLE OF LIFE" ONLY CAN
RESULT IN A "HAPPY" DECISION.

Just Three Jokes.

He's Always There.

MAN—Well, there's one thing about Jack, anyhow. He speaks right out what he thinks. You always know where to find him.

Fan—That's so. I nearly always find him here when I come.—Chicago Tribune.

Helping Them Out.

THEY are enjoying a controversy in the East over the question, "Is it a Doughnut or a Cruller?" Possibly the grave and reverend disputants have overlooked the fact that in the quick lunch dialect it is a sinker.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Plea for Patience.

"YOU Americans do not use the English language correctly," said the man from London.

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne humbly, "according to your present standards neither did Chaucer nor Shakespeare."—Washington Star.

MY "CYCLE OF READING"

By Count Tolstoy

Translated by Herman Bernstein ☙ Copyrighted by Herman Bernstein

The Power of Kindness.

MAR. 30.

KINDNESS is not only a virtue and joy, but also a weapon with which to struggle.

IT is difficult to be kind to a vicious, false person, especially to one who offends you, but it is just to such people that we should be kind, both for their sake and for our own.

WHEN you want to prove a certain truth to some one, in conversation, the main thing is not to become irritated and not to say a single unkind or offensive word.—Epictetus.

IF you have noticed an error in any one, correct him gently and point out to him wherein he erred. If your attempt prove unsuccessful, blame only yourself, or rather, blame no one, but remain meek.—Marcus Aurelius.

IF you have parted with somebody, if he is not satisfied with you, if he could not agree with you when you were right, it is not he who should be blamed for it, but the lack of kindness in you.

To Save His Liquor.

HORACE BIXEY, the doyen of Mississippi pilots, is still at the wheel at eighty-two. To him Mark Twain served his apprenticeship.

A Vicksburg reporter asked Mr. Bixey a recipe for a hale old age.

"Temperance, young man," the pilot replied. "Intemperance is what kills us off. Oh, the victims," he said in his whimsical way, "the sad victims of intemperance I have seen!

"Once, I remember, a passenger of ours fell overboard. We fished him out with a boathook after he had been soaking on the bottom half an hour or so. We laid him limp and sopping on the deck, and a steward ran for the whiskey bottle.

"As I pried the man's mouth open to pour some whiskey down his throat his lips moved. A kind of murmur came from them. I put my ear down close to listen, and I heard the half-drowned say:

"'Roll me on a bar'l fust to git some o' this water out. It'll weaken the licker.'"—Washington Star.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.

HELEN ROWLAND.

MATRIMONY is not a pay-as-you-enter car, but a taxicab in which you pay-as-you-go—and the longer you keep it going, the heavier you pay!

Love is a game in which the girl is the prize for which a man plays—a wife the SURPRISE he sometimes gets.

What are the very sweetest things in life? The first love affair, the first kiss, the first cigar, the first baby—and the first day after your divorce.

The air of lofty virtue with which a man comments on a woman's "doubtful past" is almost humorous, considering that there is never any doubt at all about his own past.

The swiftest thing about a taxicab is usually the kind of people who ride in it.

Nowadays, a man feels hurt if a girl seems insulted when he tries to kiss her, because he only does it just as a special favor.

A good wife can sometimes lead a husband in the way he should go—but not after he has started going some other woman's way.

A man's idea of displaying firmness of character is to find out first what his wife wants him to do and then proceed firmly not to do it.

If the suffragists do succeed in establishing juries composed of women—Heaven help the other women!

Don't try to flatter a man by telling him that you "understand" him, because down in his heart every man secretly cherishes the illusion that he is a deep, dark, fascinating mystery.

After the first year, married women put on plain black cotton stockings and stop wearing fancy silk hose—because it seems such a waste of money to pay a high price for something that nobody ever looks at.

Spring is the time of the year when hearts, like vegetables, are at their tenderest.

Talks on Matrimony

By Dr. Madison C. Peters

REV. M. C. PETERS

No. IV.—Matrimony as a Matter of Money.

CUPID having grown old, has changed his name to cupidity.

Matrimony has become a matter of money, and so common is the mercantile estimate of marriage becoming that I should not be surprised to see the hymeneal market lists chronicled with the prices current in the Stock Exchange.

When you hear that a young woman is engaged to be married, the first question asked is, "Is she going to do well?" Which is to ask, "Has he money?" Thus is happiness bartered away for worldly display, the very citadel of civilization and virtue surrendered to its foes and all its treasures laid waste.

To make a mere business of marriage, to call it a living, to make it a career, is to degrade a contract of all most sacred and dear.

A marriage without love is a humiliating stoop to the dust, a mockery that blushes to the skies, and she who through the solemn rite of matrimony puts her hand in the hand of a man for dinners and dresses, for palace and possessions, and not for love, is far other than a wife. The legal forms complied with may seal the lips of criticism, but wife she is not.

"Fine family and wealth" are the irresistible potentialities in the qualifications of the modern suitor. What avails it how high a man's family if he is low himself? What respect can a woman have for a man who is rich in money but poor in all those elements that make up a man?

Can ancestry or wealth cover up mental imbecility and moral baseness? What is the interest on $100,000, or even $1,000,000, in comparison with dividends drawn from a loyal heart and an educated brain?

Marry a man for his money and he will find it out shortly. What sublime contempt a man must have for one who simply loves his pocketbook!

Many a woman feigns to love a man who has money whom she would positively hate if he were poor.

The love of money is a miserly pretense of affection that leads to discontent, disgust and divorce as soon as men find it out.

If money is the thing you are after, the older and uglier the man is the better, for nothing should come between you and your golden calf.

I do not wish to say that a young woman cannot fall in love with an old man; but the strange thing is that young women never marry old men who are poor, and because they marry only old men who are rich the world justly concludes it was a marriage for gold, where the bride is bought and the bridegroom sold.

My advice to the young matrimonial bargain shopper is—better two at 25 than one at 50.

The hand that holds money and the wedding ring both is not always stained with sin; neither does money itself furnish happiness or provide any certainty in the home foundations.

There are many palaces where wealth anticipates every want, and yet where a skeleton more grim than death haunts the cupboard, and an ache sharper than consumption's tooth gnaws at the heart.

Moreover, there is no certainty in the possession of money. The rich of to-day are often to-morrow's poor.

Character is the determining force behind money, intellect and love, and so it is the greatest force in human life.

Commercial matrimony is the evil peculiar to our time. The gold fever is epidemic and the death and divorce rates are appalling.

We put the mark of Cain upon the man who takes a bribe. What shall we say of the woman who has her price, often turning what is fine and noble away for the man who is willing to pay for his victim.

What shall we say of the mother who places her daughter on the social auction block and knocks her down to the highest bidder?

Promising as the prize may seem, it is rare that she who marries for money fares well. She finds that a serpent often lies coiled among the orange blossoms.

Mannister, the Avenger, Seeks Out His Foes and Single-Handed Crushes Them

The Long Arm of Mannister.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT.

Gaston Sinclair elopes from London with Christine, the young and beautiful wife of his friend, George Mannister. Mannister follows the couple across the world and overtakes them at last on a South American prairie. They are exhausted and ill from the long flight. Christine has long since bitterly repented of her fault and has grown to loathe Sinclair. Paying no heed to his fainting wife, Mannister leads Sinclair into a wood. There he seeks to revive the panic-stricken man with a drink of whiskey. While waiting for Sinclair to recover his composure, Mannister falls into a gloomy reverie.

CHAPTER I.

(Continued.)

The Noxious Gift.

HE turned round suddenly. Sinclair had armed himself with a short stick and his hand was lifted to strike. Mannister laughed as he struck down his arm.

"Don't be a fool," he said scornfully. "Can't you see that if I meant to kill you I could have twisted your neck at any moment? Sit down and listen to me."

Sinclair gasped.

"Give me another drink," he begged.

Mannister measured him out a small quantity.

"No more," he said firmly. "Sit down now. I want to talk to you."

The man grovelled before him. His brain, giddy with the fumes of the spirit, held but one thought. He was to live! Mannister did not mean to kill him! It was unnatural—impossible.

"You are going to kill us, to kill us both!" he cried, in a frenzied whisper. "We heard of the oath you took. A year ago I could have met you like a man. To-day we are broken, both of us. We have lived and slept with fear so long."

"Your lives," Mannister answered calmly, "are not worth a stray pin to me. Live or die, I am indifferent. You will come to no harm from me. If I have desired vengeance," he added, with a faint smile, "don't you think that I have it? You are not the Gaston Sinclair that you were, my friend. The lady, your companion, too, has apparently suffered."

Sinclair's body was shaken with groans.

"If only we could have stopped," he moaned. "Oh, it is terrible to be hunted! You begin to run—and you can't stop. You want to turn round and face the thing behind—and you can't. And your nerves snap one by one, and your courage dies; you forget that you are a human being. You rush blindly on, always terrified. Every time you look behind your heart sinks; in every crowd you search frantically for one face; every resting place you enter with a sob of fear. Locked doors are useless. There is a knock! You must open! A waiter perhaps, but the sweat is on your forehead, you are shaking like a leaf. The man thinks you are mad. Everywhere you are suspected—shunned. Every pair of eyes that meets yours seems to carry behind them the knowledge that you are running away. Oh, hell! It is hell, hell!"

"This," Mannister declared, with a pleasant smile, "is most interesting. You have had quite an experience, my dear Sinclair, and you speak of it most eloquently. Now you will kindly abandon this somewhat melodramatic attitude of yours, and—listen to me."

The last three words were spoken with a sudden tense note of command. Sinclair, whose head had sunk between his hands, looked slowly up.

"Well?" he said.

"When I first left England and followed you to Genoa," Mannister said, "my intentions were perfectly simple, and I may add absolutely primitive. I meant to kill you both on sight. I lost time just at first, and the chase became a long one. Lately I have had advices from England—and I begin to understand the game. It was a little more complex than I thought at first. It was a little more complex, I think, than you fully understood."

"I was a fool!" Sinclair groaned, "a hopeless, miserable fool!"

"You were the tool of clever men," Mannister continued. "So was I. It was part of a conspiracy. I can see that now. And while I have been away our friends over there have proceeded to strip me bare and divide the plunder. What was your share, my dear friend?"

"I cannot tell you anything about it," Sinclair groaned. "You know very well that I cannot. You know the penalty."

Mannister smiled.

"You will never," he remarked suavely, "be nearer death than you are just now."

There was silence for several moments between the two men. The little wood was singularly free from all animal noises, not even a breath of wind was stirring in the trees. Mannister spoke again.

"You will probably," he said, "never come back to England. In that case you are safe from our friends. You have at least a chance of escape. From me, unless you obey, you have none."

"I thought you said that you were not going to kill me," Sinclair declared, sullenly.

"Under reasonable conditions, no!" Mannister said. "Such desire as I had for vengeance is—well, shall we say gratified. You will never be the man you were again, Sinclair."

"Curse you!" Sinclair answered, bitterly.

"Curse those others—and your own vanity—not me," Mannister replied. "I wish you no further harm now than has already come to you. But the truth I mean to know, and as surely as you refuse to tell me, so surely do you die!"

There was a moment's silence. Sinclair was thinking of all the things from which he must cut himself off forever—the clubs, the restaurants, the city haunts and friends—all these things must go. And yet it was something to live! Only an hour ago life itself would have seemed a priceless and wonderful gift. It was no time to bargain.

"It was Colin Stevens who planned it," he said, slowly. "There were seven of the others who were in it."

"The names of the other seven?" Mannister demanded.

"Colin Stevens was the leader," Sinclair repeated, unwillingly.

"The names of the other seven," Mannister said, calmly, "or I shall wring your neck. It is not a pleasant death."

"Phil Rundermere."

"The blackguard! I saved him from ruin once!" Mannister whispered, softly. "Go on!"

"John Dykes."

"Of course! Well?"

"Sophy de la Mere."

"Ladies, too!" Mannister murmured. "Well, she had no cause to love me. Go on."

"Fred Hambledon."

"Good! Who else?"

"Benjamin Traske."

"Poor boy! He went where he was led, of course. That makes five."

"Ernest Jacobs."

"False little brute!" Mannister murmured. "I judged he must have been in it. One more, Sinclair."

"You know enough," Sinclair muttered. "Let the other one go. He was led into it, as I was. He never did you any real injury."

"Perhaps not, Sinclair," Mannister answered, smoothly, "but nevertheless a bargain is a bargain if you please. I must know his name. Or shall I guess it? Dick Polsover, eh? Ah, I thought so! Your own particular friend, Sinclair. Well, it's hard to have to give him away, isn't it?"

"You know their names now," Sinclair said, with a sudden gleam of curiosity. "What are you going to do? You cannot go back to England! You would never face it!"

"I am not quite so sure about that, my over-sanguine friend," Mannister answered. "If ever I do, you may go down on your knees and pray for those eight men—if you think it will do them any good. By the bye, you, I suppose, were the decoy to get me out of England. It was for that purpose that you made love to my wife. What did you get out of it?"

"Five thousand pounds!" Sinclair answered. "I was to have had more, but it has never come."

"A bad bargain," Mannister declared. "Why, you must have spent nearly that running away from me."

"We have spent it all," Sinclair answered. "We have not enough to live on for a month."

"I am afraid," Mannister declared, swinging his riding boot against the trunk of the tree, "that in making you a present of the gift of life I am not doing you a very great service—you or the woman who is now dependent upon you. You will have to work, Sinclair, I am afraid. You never liked work, did you?"

"Haven't you nearly finished with me?" Sinclair answered. "I must look after—her. We need food."

"You will find plenty in the wagon outside," Mannister answered. "The lady whom you tactfully allude to as 'her' is already being attended to. I have a fancy for travelling comfortably, and notwithstanding this attack upon my fortunes, I am not quite a pauper. Do you know, Sinclair, I fancy that our eight friends may have been just a little disappointed. I never believed in keeping all my eggs in one basket. They looked upon me as a sort of Monte Cristo, but there were more treasure caves than one. Come, Sinclair, we will go. I have learned from you all that I required to know. Come to the edge of the wood. There is one thing more which I have to say to you. Come to the entrance of the wood there, and stand by my side.

(To Be Continued.)

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

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